

SPINE-TINGLING TALES OF MYSTERY AND SUSPENSE



ICD  
19

# WEB OF EVIL

SEPTEMBER No.6

10c



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





# ORGY of DEATH



CAN AN ANCIENT EVIL LIVE THROUGH THE CENTURIES? ALMOST 4,000 YEARS AGO SCREAMING VICTIMS BY THE HORDES DIED IN MOLOCH'S HELLISH EMBRACE TO SATE THE FRIGHTFUL BLOODLUST OF THE BULL-HEADED DESTROYER OF LIFE! NOW, IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, THE FEARSOME FIGURE STIRRED TO LIFE, TRAMPING THROUGH THE AWFUL SHADOWS -- UNTIL THE VERY EARTH SHOOK TO THE THUNDER OF GREAT MOLOCH'S VENGEFUL RAGE!

## WEB OF EVIL

ANCIENT PHOENICIA WAS THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE MOST HORRIBLE PAGAN RITES IN HISTORY-- THE WORSHIP OF MOLOCH, BULL-HEADED DESTROYER OF LIFE!



THEN CAME THE CULMINATION OF HORRORS!

STRAIGHTEN UP, CHILD!  
MOLOCH WILL BE OFFENDED  
IF HIS CHOSEN ONES  
SHOW FRIGHT!



RECEIVE OUR SACRIFICES, OH  
MOLOCH, AND SPARE US YOUR  
WRATH!

EEEAAAHHH!



*The*  
SAVAGE  
GOD  
GREW  
EVER  
MORE  
OMNIVOROUS!  
AT ONE  
TIME  
20,000  
PRISONERS  
OF WAR  
WERE  
SACRIFICED  
IN AN  
ORGY  
OF  
SLAUGHTER!



## WEB OF EVIL

NOT ALL TEMPLES FELL: SOME WERE SPIRITED AWAY IN THE NIGHT, TO REOPEN IN SECRET PLACES, FAR FROM FRYING EYES.



HURRY, SCUM OF  
THE EARTH! WE MUST  
BE OVER THE HORIZON  
BEFORE THE ROOSTER  
CROWS!

EZBAAL, THE QEDESHIM, OR HIGH PRIEST OF MOLOCH, WAS CAUGHT AND HANGED!

FOUL BARBARIANS!  
HEAR ME! LORD  
MOLOCH WILL RISE  
ONE DAY IN THE  
WRATH OF VENGEANCE  
TO DESTROY THE  
EARTH!

"BUT YOU  
WON'T BE AROUND TO  
SEE IT, BURNER OF  
BABIES! UP WITH THE  
DOG! LET HIM DANGLE  
UNTIL CURED!"

ALMOST 2,000 YEARS LATER, A CABIN SEAPLANE DRONED OVER A TINY FORGOTTEN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF SYRIA...



I CAN  
APPRECIATE  
ANYTHING THAT  
INTERESTS YOU,  
LELA!



ALAN LOGAN, YOU  
STICK TO YOUR  
FLYING! I'M HERE  
TO TRANSLATE  
CUNEIFORM  
INSCRIPTIONS,  
NOT ROMANTIC  
HINTS! COME  
ON...



HOW ODD!  
THERE ISN'T  
A SOUL IN  
SIGHT AND  
IT'S ALMOST  
DARK!

LISTEN! ISN'T THAT THE SOUND OF CHANTING FROM UP THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE?



LOOK! FAR UP  
THE MOUNTAIN,  
THERE--SOME-  
THING GLOWING  
AS IF WHITE  
HOT!

IT'S MOLOCH--A  
MONSTROUS  
STATUE OF  
MOLOCH! FASTER!  
WE MAY SEE AN  
ANCIENT  
SACRIFICIAL  
CEREMONY IN THE  
LOST TEMPLE!

## WEB OF EVIL

MOMENTS LATER, THEY BURST ONTO AN INCREDIBLE SCENE...



## WEB OF EVIL



## WEB OF EVIL

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT THEY CROUCHED IN THEIR PRISON, HEARING THE TRIUMPHANT CHANTING OF THE CROWD OUTSIDE!

HEAR THAT, ALAN? THEY'VE STOPPED SHOUTING AND STARTED CHANTING AGAIN!

MAYBE YOUR UNCLE HAS FINALLY PERSUADED THEM HE'S A BOSS-PRIEST! THEN HE'LL TELL THEM TO FREE US AND THEY'LL DO IT!

**WEE-HAH-AN**

WITH THE SUNRISE...

DR. MORGAN, YOU'RE WEARING PRIESTS ROBES! THEN YOU'VE WON THEM OVER! WE'LL BE FREED, NOW...

DON'T BE SILLY, DEAR BOY! THE ONLY WAY I COULD WIN THEM WAS BY PROMISING TWO HUMAN SACRIFICES! THEY'D KILL ME IF I FAILED!

YOU FOOLS! THE EARLY RECORDS SHOW THE TEMPLE OF MOLOCH HAD ORNAMENTS VALUED AT A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS! IT IS HIDDEN HERE, SOMEWHERE!

YOU DIRTY RAT!

PERHAPS! BUT ONCE I WIN THEIR CONFIDENCE, THEY'LL SHOW ME WHERE THE TREASURES ARE HIDDEN! ARE YOUR STUPID LIVES WORTH THAT?

I UNDERSTAND, NOW! MY FATHER LEFT ME ALL HIS MONEY! YOU'VE ALWAYS RESENTED HAVING TO ASK ME FOR FINANCING! YOU HATE ME!

THE GIRL AND THE MAN -- THEY ARE DEARER THAN MY OWN CHILDREN TO ME! BUT FOR MOLOCH, I WILL GLADLY OFFER THEM TO THE FIRE!

IF THEY TRULY DIE TONIGHT, THEN WE WILL BOW TO YOU -- AS OUR HIGH PRIEST!

THE HORRIBLE MONSTER! NOW I KNOW WHY CERTAIN INSCRIPTIONS HE FOUND WERE HIDDEN FROM ME! HE'S BEEN AFTER THIS TREASURE FOR YEARS!

A HUNDRED MILLION ISN'T HAY, KITTEN! BETTER MEN THAN YOUR UNCLE HAVE BLOWN THEIR CORKS OVER LESS!

THROUGH THE LONG DAY THEY MADE AND DISCARDED A HUNDRED HOPELESS PLANS FOR ESCAPE! THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FROM MOLOCH'S GREED!

IT ALL ADDS UP TO THE SAME, HONEY... EVEN IF WE BREAK AWAY, WE'VE GOT A MOB AGAINST US! WE'D NEVER REACH MY PLANE!

IT'S HOPELESS, BUT... ALAN! THAT NOISE... LIKE THUNDER!

**RRRUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE**



WAIT! HAVEN'T YOU HAD WARNING ENOUGH? MOLOCH HIMSELF SHOOK THE EARTH TO BRING YOU TO YOUR SENSES!

FOOLS! DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! SEIZE HIM FOR THE SACRIFICE... AND THE GIRL, AS WELL!

## WEB OF EVIL



## WEB OF EVIL



WEB OF EVIL

CAN ONE MAN HAVE THE POWER TO POINT OUT THE LIVING DEAD... THOSE WHOM FATE HAS MARKED FOR AN EARLY GRAVE? FANTASTIC? IMPOSSIBLE? PERHAPS - BUT JOHN DURRAND WOULD MOCK YOU... FOR DESTINY HAD DIRECTED THAT HE SHOULD BECOME...

# The Man Who Saw Doom



ON A DREARY CITY STREET A GLOVED HAND KNOCKS HEAVILY UPON A PANELED DOOR!

IT SWINGS OPEN AND A STRANGE LITTLE MAN STANDS IN THE ENTRANCE

MY NAME IS DURAND! I DESPERATELY SEEK CONTACT WITH THE FUTURE! THEY SAY THE GREAT ARNAR CAN HELP ME!

ENTER, MR. DURAND! I AM HERE TO SERVE THOSE WHO WOULD TEAR ASIDE THE VEIL THAT CONCEALS THE GREAT BEYOND!



YOU REALIZE I SPEAK ONLY THE TRUTH I SEE - BE IT HAPPINESS OR TRAGEDY!

I DO! PLEASE PROCEED! I'M ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHAT AWAITS ME IN THE FUTURE!



ARNAR'S EYES FILL WITH A STRANGE UNHOLY LIGHT! A MUFFLED CRY ECHOES AND RE-ECHOES THROUGH THE CHAMBER!

BEWARE THE EVIL OF THE FUTURE. FEAR WILL FOLLOW YOU.. FEAR.. FEAR..

I SEE SHADOWS OF UNHAPPINESS, MR. DURRAND! THE VOICE OF THE FUTURE CAUTIONS YOU!

I-I CAN TELL YOU NO MORE AT THIS MOMENT! LATER, AT ANOTHER VISIT PERHAPS! MY FEE IS ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

I TRUST YOU ARE SATISFIED!

YES...

I'M SATISFIED ALL RIGHT ARNAIR! I'M SPECIAL AGENT, JOHN DURRAND! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR FRAUD! WE'RE OUT TO RID THE CITY OF YOU CHARLATANS!

AN IMPOSTER! YOU ARE A FOOL MR. DURRAND!



AS THE HINDU MYSTIC RIDES TO JAIL...

YOU CHARACTERS ARE REAL CRACKPOTS TO BELIEVE YOU CAN CHEAT PEOPLE FOREVER WITH THAT MUMBO JUMBO, ARNAIR!

THERE ARE MANY UNBELIEVERS IN THE WORLD, MR. DURRAND! I REALIZE YOU ARE ONLY DOING YOUR DUTY, BUT PERHAPS I CAN GIVE YOU AN INSIGHT INTO THE WORLD OF THE OCCULT AND SUPERNATURAL!



WAIT! YOU SCOFF AT MY WISDOM, DURRAND! WEAR THIS RING WHILE MY BODY AND SPIRIT ARE IMPRISONED! IT WILL ENDOW YOU WITH THE GREAT GIFT OF THE FUTURE IT HAS GIVEN ME! DO YOU DARE, DURRAND?

YOU'RE NOT TALKING TO SOME IDIOT WITH MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS ARNAIR! SURE! I'LL HOLD THAT THING FOR YOU TILL YOU GET OUT! MY WIFE WILL GET A KICK OUT OF IT!



ONE MORE THING, MR. DURRAND.. BEWARE THE BLANK FACES!

SURE, SURE! BUT TAKE MY ADVICE AND FORGET THAT CRAZY TALK OF THE FUTURE BEFORE THEY SHIP YOU UP TO THE LAUGHING ACADEMY!



CRACKPOT! BUT HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO STEAL A FORTUNE! WONDER IF THIS RING IS REALLY VALUABLE?

HEY, CABBIE!



THE MAN WHO SCOFFS AT THE SUPERNATURAL REACHES THE CURB! HE OPENS THE DOOR OF THE CAB! SUDDENLY, HORROR TEARS AT HIS BRAIN AS... WHERE TO, MAC? G-GREAT SCOTT! HIS FACE... IT'S A BLANK!



THE IRATE CABBIE SPEEDS OFF-- AND SUDDEN DEATH HOVERS OVERHEAD...

I-THE STEEL GIROER! STOP! STOP!



THAT EVENING, AS DURRAND AWAKENS FROM A DEEP SLEEP...

AH, I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN! I WAS A FOOL TO BECOME ALARMED! IT'S NOTHING BUT A FLASHY MAGICIAN'S RING! IMAGINE, THINKING IT COULD FORECAST DEATH TO PEOPLE WITH BLANK FACES.. BETTER GET DOWN TO THE OFFICE AND CATCH UP ON MY WORK!



SOME NUT! ACTS LIKE HE'S SEEN A GHOST OR SOMETHING! LET 'IM GRAB SOMEBODY ELSE!

A-A GHOSTLY BLANK FACE... L-LIKE ARNAR'S WARNING! IT MUST BE MY NERVES! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!



THEN, AS IF ARNAR'S OWN HAND HAD DEALT THE BLOW, THE CAB DRIVER MEETS HIS END...



THAT LITTLE FIEND ARNAR! HE'S HYPNOTIZED ME IN SOME MANNER! MADE ME THINK I SAW A BLANK FACE! IT'S

JUST A FANTASTIC COINCIDENCE.. THAT MAN DYING AFTERWARD! I MUST CONTROL MY NERVES.. GET SOME REST...



BUT FATE IS NOT FINISHED WITH DURRAND! SOON...

JOHN, THAT WAS SOME ACCIDENT ON THE PIKE TODAY! DOING A LITTLE NIGHT WORK?

THAT'S RIGHT! I WAS ER.. A BIT KNOCKED OUT TOOK THE AFTERNOON OFF!



WEB OF EVIL

THE  
FRIENDLY  
CONVERSATION  
IS SUDDENLY  
CUT SHORT'  
DURRANO  
REELS.  
BACK  
FROM  
THE  
ELEVATOR  
-- HIS  
CASUAL  
EXPRESSION  
TURNING  
TO ONE  
OF  
COMPLETE  
AND  
UTTER  
HORROR!



WEB OF EVIL

BUT THE CAT DOES NOT RESPOND TO DURRAN'S FRANTIC CALL! THE SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY THE ROAR OF A POWERFUL ENGINE AND ...



WEB OF EVIL

CAN'T YOU WORK ANY FASTER? I- I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET IT OFF! PLEASE HURRY!

DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT-- I CAN'T TAKE YOUR FINGER OFF WITH IT! STEADY NOW-- STEADY! THERE -- CUT CLEAN THROUGH IT!

AT LAST! I COULDN'T HAVE TAKEN IT MUCH LONGER! THANK HEAVEN IT'S OVER!

SAY..THAT'S A SMART OPAL SETTING YOU GOT THERE! FOR A FEW DOLLARS I COULD ENLARGE THE BAND!

NO! GIVE ME THAT-- IT'S NO GOOD TO ANYONE! I'LL -- TAKE CARE OF IT!



I.. NEVER WANT TO SEE THAT RING AGAIN! IT'S CAUSED ME UNTOLD MISERY! THANKS AGAIN.. FOR EVERYTHING!

THE RING... HE'S THROWN IT AWAY! HE MUST BE CRAZY! IT'S WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE!

YESSIR, SHE'S A BEAUTY! WITH A LITTLE MENDING SHE'LL MAKE A SMART FINGER RING!



THE JEWELER SLIPS THE RING ON HIS FINGER ADMIRINGLY-- BEAMS PROUDLY FOR A SPLIT SECOND AND THEN, CASTING A GLANCE THROUGH THE DISPLAY WINDOW--



A-A- GHOSTLY BLANK FACE! IT MUST BE MY NERVES .. IT CAN'T BE TRUE!



PERHAPS ONE DAY YOU WILL COME UPON THE RING OF ARNARI AND SHOULD IT BE FOR SALE PONDER WELL BEFORE YOU PURCHASE IT! AND REMEMBER THE FATE OF JOHN DURRARD.. THE MAN WHO SAW DEATH!

WEB OF EVIL

THE HIRED KILLER MOVED CONFIDENTLY THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND - FOR DEATH WAS A BED FELLOW OF THE MAN WHO WORKED AT MURDER! BUT, ONCE ACCEPTED, THE COLD HAND OF THE BEYOND IS SLOW TO RELEASE ITS GRIP - SO IT WAS THAT BARKER CRANE COULD NOT FIGHT OFF THE CURSE THAT SHADOWED HIM - NOR COULD HE HOPE TO BLOT OUT...

# The SPECTRE'S FACE

STOP FLAGGING ME!  
YOU'RE NOT REAL!  
YOU'RE NOT ALIVE!

PHOTO  
ALBUM



A KILLER STALKS THE STREETS! TALL, GAUNT, STEEL-EYED ... READY TO PEEP IN HIS WARES FOR A "PAY OFF" AND THE PRICE OF A BULLET!

BETTER LET HIM CATCH IT IN THE DOORWAY!



## WEB OF EVIL



ANOTHER DEATH ANOTHER DOLLAR! THE KILLER WENDS HIS WAY THROUGH DIM CITY STREETS -- BACK TO HIS LAIR OF BLOOD AND EVIL ...



BARKER CRANE! YEAH,  
YEAH, BARKER!

INSIDE, ACCOMPLICES GATHER ROUND TO PAY HOMAGE TO THEIR ICY-NERVED MARKS. MAN! BUT WAIT, SOMETHING IS STRANGELY AMISS IN THIS GAME OF SUDDEN DEATH ...



FINISHED ALREADY, PUT IT BACK,  
EH, BARKER? HUH?  
CHUNKER! ARE  
WONDERFUL .. THIS JOB'D ON  
GOT YOUR PAY-OFF  
RIGHT HERE ... YOU NUTS, BARKER?

NOT NUTS! SMART! I'VE GOT A BUCK AND I'M THROUGH BUTCHERING! THAT KILLING WAS FOR FREE BECAUSE I DON'T WANT ANY HARD FEELINGS! UNDERSTAND! I'M PLAYING IT RESPECTABLE HERE ON OUT! ALL RIGHT, CHUNKER?

W-WHY SURE,  
BARKER! SURE  
IF THAT'S THE  
WAY YOU FIGURE  
IT!



IT'S OVER AT LAST -- AND I BEAT THE RACKET! WONDER HOW MANY GUYS I'VE BUMPED OFF? TWO DOZEN? MAYBE MORE! BUT WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I DIDN'T EVEN SEE THE FACES OF HALF OF THEM! YEAH, I BEAT THE RACKET -- BUT GOOD!



STEP BY STEP, DEATH'S HENCHMAN MOVES INTO THE WORLD OF RESPECTABILITY! THE MUCK AND MIRE OF CRIMEDOM IS BEHIND HIM -- HE HAS FORGED A FORTUNE WITH THE GUN. HE HAS BEATEN THE RACKETS!



HOLD STILL, FOLKS!  
GOT TO HAVE A PICTURE  
OF OUR CLUB PICNIC!

## WEB OF EVIL

**BUT BARKER CRANE HAD NOT RECKONED WITH THE POWER OF THE PAST IN HIS SURGE UP SOCIETY'S LADDER! SHORTLY ...**

WHY, BARKER, THERE'S  
THE STRANGEST THING  
IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH  
I TOOK AT THE  
PICNIC! LOOK!

THAT HORRIBLE PERSON HOVERING OVER YOU, BARKER. WHERE DID HE COME FROM? NOBODY SAW HIM AT THE PICNIC!

W-WHY  
I DON'T  
KNOW?

OH, IT MUST BE  
THAT SILLY  
PHOTOGRAPHER'S  
MISTAKE! TOO  
BAD IT SPOILED  
THE FILM! BYE,  
BARKER!

BYE!  
T-THE FACE!  
I'VE SEEN IT  
SOMEWHERE BE-  
FORE... B-BUT  
WHERE? PERHAPS  
IT'S JUST MY  
IMAGINATION!

A MISTAKE? PERHAPS, BARKER CRANE ..  
PERHAPS / LATER ...

I WANT THIS PICTURE  
TO BE A BANG UP  
JOB, KRANDELL! IT'S  
FOR A VERY IMPORTANT  
GIRL!

YES, MR. CRANE.

BUT THE NEXT DAY, WHEN CRANE RECEIVES THE  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPECIAL MAIL ..

W-O-U-L-D  
T-THAT FACE  
AGAIN!

THE  
FIRES  
OF  
MEMORY  
BURN  
BRIGHT  
IN  
BARKER'S  
BRAIN!  
WHO  
IS  
IT?  
WHO  
IS  
THE  
HALF  
HUMAN  
CREATURE  
COME  
TO  
HAUNT  
HIM?

I-I KNOW WHO IT IS? YES.. YES, IT'S.. SOMEONE I'VE.. KILLED!

OF COURSE .. OF COURSE!  
THE STARING EYES.. THE  
DRAWN, WRINKLED FLESH!  
JUST THE EXPRESSION THEY  
ALL HAVE WHEN MY BULLETS  
SNUFF OUT THEIR LIVES!  
BUT WHO IS IT?  
WHO?

WEB OF EVIL

BARKER'S FEAR FLOODED MIND RECOILS IN HORROR AS THE PAST MOVES IN UPON HIM! ONE BY ONE THE PARADE OF PHANTOM VICTIMS GO BY...

YOU SHOT ME ON  
WEST STREET  
BRIDE, BARKER  
CRANE! BUT I'M  
NOT THE ONE..  
NO INDEED!

YOU DROWNED ME, REMEMBER,  
CRANE! HA-HA! BUT I'M  
AT THE LAKE BOTTOM  
SO IT CAN'T BE  
ME!

HEE-HEE!  
NOR ME  
BOTHER!

NOR  
ME!

WHO IS IT? SPEAK  
UP! SHOW ME  
YOUR FACE! LET  
ME REMEMBER!

CHUNKER! HE'LL  
KNOW! HE WAS THE  
ONE ONE WHO  
MARKED THEM  
FOR MY BULLETS!

OPEN THE DOOR,  
CHUNKER!  
OPEN THE  
DOOR!

WHO DOES  
THIS FACE  
BELONG TO?  
SPEAK FAST,  
CHUNKER!  
TELL ME!

WHY?

GREAT  
CATS!  
BARKER'S  
GONE  
LOCO!

YOU HEARD ME!  
WHO IS IT?

I-I DONT KNOW,  
BARKER! H-HONEST  
I D-DON'T!

LIES! YOU KNEW ALL  
MY VICTIMS! SOME OF  
THEIR FACES EVEN I  
DIDN'T SEE CLEARLY!  
TELL ME!  
TELL ME!

WAIT! YOU  
WORKED FOR JOHNNY  
DAYOE BEFORE ME,  
BARKER! MAYBE  
IT WAS ONE OF  
HIS JOBS!



## WEB OF EVIL



SHORTLY...

WHY, SURE, BARKER!  
I KNOW THIS FELLOW!  
HIS NAME'S PAUL  
WINTON, A JEWELER.  
YOU KNOCKED OFF  
BACK IN '50!

THANK  
HEAVENS  
YOU  
KNOW!  
WHERE IS  
HIS HOUSE,  
JOHNNY? WHERE?

WELL, ER,  
LET'S SEE...  
IT WAS 100  
CYPRESS WAY!  
YEAH, THAT'S IT!

GOOD! ..  
I'VE GOT  
TO GO  
THERE AT  
ONCE!

ON AND ON BARKER CRANE PURSUES  
THE SPECTRE WHO HAS INVADED  
HIS LIFE....

..94 CYPRESS WAY...  
96... GOT TO FIND  
PAUL WINTON...  
PROVE TO MYSELF  
HE ISN'T REALLY  
DEAD!



## WEB OF EVIL



FINALLY, THE VENGEANCE OF THE FACELESS VICTIM IS COMPLETE ...



BUT LATER, IN A DOWN TOWN NEWSPAPER DARK ROOM, A STRANGE NEVER TO BE TOLD ENDING IS WRITTEN TO BARKER CRANE'S CAREER ...





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6.11.1994 10:17:45 TUESDAY APRIL 1994

When you are this pre-arranged destination, situations seem to only occur that already have a "script" and a strong moralistic factor. Unfortunately, this is an inaccurate view of nature; the life of most insects, mammals, birds and other animals, despite their apparent power, is one in which their activities are guided by instinct, being programmed by their genes.

THEATRE TALKS WITH — SHOOT AT THE MOON

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"TITAN" staff, will be glad to receive your views with regard to the  
present situation. We are in a difficult position, and would appreciate your  
advice. ALFREDRED, RAY, and Peter Glass, proprietors of "TITAN", 161 WEST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

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# Vampire Valley

HE was a small man, blonde and amiable-looking and gentle, and from where he sat perched on the high, cold rock he seemed to watch the scene below with detached amusement. Fitful clouds turned the moonlight off and on like a neon sign. Gray mist, like cold dead fingers, writhed and coiled about the rocks of the valley floor and crept wetly into the deeper hollows between.

The man down below came into sight again, a sinister figure in a long black cloak, crouched behind an outcropping of rock. He was obviously hiding there, waiting for someone or something, and now and then the moonlight glinted briefly from some shiny object half-hidden under the concealing cloak. The blonde man up above smiled gently to himself and shifted his own cloak closer against the chill of the night wind.

From up the valley came the sudden clatter of awkward steps, the rattle of dislodged rocks. A man came into sight, a farmer huddled in a sheepskin jacket, picking his way carefully along the path. The thin, dark man behind the rocks tensed, waiting. When the farmer was almost past his hiding place, the thin man stepped out. His bony arms stuck out, holding the black cloak poised like wings. Under the flop brim of a black hat, his eyes held a deep and sinister glitter.

The farmer stopped short with a choked gasp of fear. "Wha . . . What do you want? Who . . . Who are you?"

"You know who I am," the thin man said in a hollow voice. "And you know what I want . . . your blood."

"No! No!" The farmer seemed paralyzed by a shaking terror. He fell to his knees, sweat glistening on the palor of his lifted face, his breath coming in deep, convulsive gasps. "No!"

The thin man seemed to glide forward. He bent over the sobbing farmer. The shiny object glinted in the moonlight as it lunged toward the farmer's throat. A faint gurgling sound. The thin man stepped back, his cloak once more spread like evil wings. The farmer sobbed in crazy, panting breaths. "What have you done to me, you fiend? You . . . You vampire!"

"Tasted your blood," the thin man said. "Not too much . . . yet. Enough to whet my appetite. Eat richly, friend. Replenish your blood. I will seek you out again and again, until all your blood is mine, and you are one with the Undead . . . the vampires of Vampire Valley."

With a squawk of terror, the farmer scrambled to his feet and ran, lurching away into the fog, the sound of his yelping terror drifting back. The thin man laughed and held out the shiny object. It was a clever double syringe, made to stab through skin and suck out a small quantity of blood. Still chuckling, the thin man sent the plunger down, squirting twin streams of dark fluid onto a rock.

From above the thin man's head, the blonde watcher said in a mild voice, "You're quite a devil of a chap there, aren't you, with that fake vampire rig and that gadget that makes imitation teeth marks as it sucks a little blood from their necks? Tch-tch!"

The thin man froze, then very slowly looked upward. He seemed poised for flight, but uncertain. "Who . . . Who are you?"

The blonde man chuckled. "A watcher, friend. I've watched you pull that gag for seven nights now, scaring seven fine farmers into leaving the valley forever. Shame on you!"

"Look," the thin man panted. "I'll tell you. There's enough in it for both of us. It's oil, all under the valley. This land'll be worth a fortune soon. With the help of the old superstition I scare those yokels into selling out cheap and running away. I'll cut you in. There's enough profit ahead for two."

The blonde man shook his head. "Doesn't interest me, friend. It's not my weakness, money."

"What is?"

Softly, quietly, the blonde man opened his cloak. Black wings spread and lifted. He flew lightly down to the path to face the bulging, horrified eyes of the thin man. He smiled pleasantly, showing sharp white teeth behind pale lips. "Blood interests me, friend. But not to waste in fakery. I am the vampire of Vampire Valley, and I assure you, when I feast I feast on all there is."

# THE HOUSE WHERE HORROR LIVED



WITHIN IT'S FOUR WALLS LURKED THE TERRORS OF THE SUPERNATURAL -- WAITING, DEFYING, ALL THOSE WHO WOULD CHALLENGE THEIR EXISTENCE! AND IN ALL THE WORLD THERE WAS BUT ONE MAN WHO DARED STEP OVER THE THRESHOLD -- JOHN CARLTON, "THE BRAVEST MAN ALIVE"! BUT FATE AND A MIND STEEPED IN REVENGE WERE AGAINST CARLTON AS HE ENTERED -- THE HOUSE WHERE HORROR LIVED!

FEAR AND ENVY! POWERFUL EMOTIONS IN THE BREASTS OF MEN -- AND WHEN ONE MAN KNOWS NO FEAR, AND ANOTHER SEETHES WITH ENVY SUDDEN DEATH IS SURE TO LURK NEARBY -- AS IT DOES THIS VERY MOMENT IN A LONDON MUSIC HALL!

HOW I HATE THAT CONCEITED FOOL! BUT YEAR AFTER YEAR HE GOES ON AND ON DEFYING DEATH AND TREATING ME LIKE A SNIVELING COWARD! BAH! LET THE FOOLS CHEER HIM!

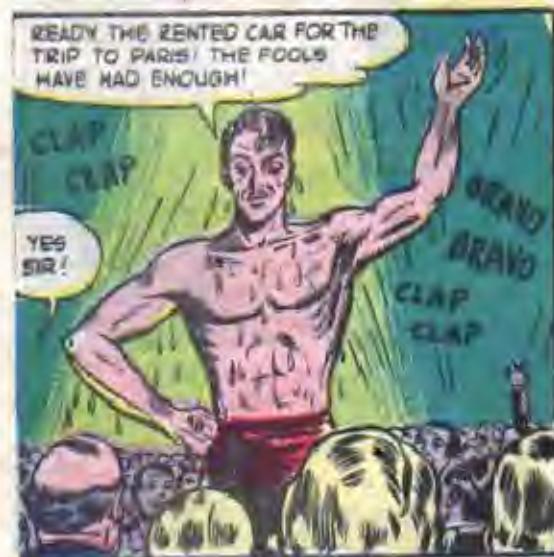


YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THEM TONIGHT, MELVILLE! CHEERED THEMSELVES HOARSE! HA! THEY'LL REMEMBER MY DARING WELL!

I'M SURE THEY WILL, MISTER CARLTON!



WEB OF EVIL



## WEB OF EVIL

TWO DAYS AFTERWARD, IN LONDON,  
ENVY STRIKES BACK...

MY ACT NEEDS SOMETHING  
FRESH, MELVILLE!  
SOMETHING EVEN  
MORE DARING!

HAUNTED  
HOUSE!  
I WONDER...

STUDENTS OF THE  
PSYCHIC PHENOMENA STILL  
PUZZLED BY THE  
MYSTERIOUS HAUNTED  
HOUSE ON  
HILLBRANT HILL!  
DOES HEADLESS  
SPECTRE HAUNTS?

LATER, MELVILLE DRAKE APPEARS  
AT HILLBRANT HILL...

YOU MEAN,  
YOU'LL PAY  
ME TO TRICK  
A FRIEND  
OF YOURS  
IN THE  
HOUSE?

EXACTLY! I'LL HAVE  
MAGICIAN'S TRICKS  
SET UP! YOU'LL  
OPERATE A CONTROL  
BOARD THAT WILL  
SEND ALL SORTS OF  
SPOOKS INTO ACTION!

I'VE EVEN GOT A  
TRICK HEADLESS  
GHOST I CAN GET  
HOLD OF! WHEN  
YOU'VE DONE YOUR  
JOB I'LL GIVE YOU  
ANOTHER 30  
POUNDS!

BLIMEY, MISTER  
BUT YOU SURE  
MUST WANT  
TO SCARE  
YOUR FRIEND  
TO GO TO  
SO MUCH  
TROUBLE!

THE GREAT HOAX BEGINS! THE MAN OF ENVY MANIPULATES HIS CARDS OF VENGEANCE CAREFULLY...



I'VE INSTRUCTED YOU  
ON EACH GHOST TRICK!  
DON'T MAKE A  
MISTAKE!

OKAY, GUYNER!  
REMEMBER, AT  
DAWN I GET  
THE 30 POUNDS!

A GREAT IDEA OF  
YOURS, MELVILLE!  
THIS STUNT WILL  
MAKE ME EVEN  
MORE FAMOUS!

THE DOORWAY TO TERROR CLOSES ON "THE  
BRAVEST MAN ALIVE"...

LOCK AND BOLT  
THE DOOR, MELVILLE!  
I'M HERE FOR THE  
NIGHT!

INDEED I WILL,  
MISTER CARLTON!

MINUTES  
PASS...  
REPORTERS  
LEAVE...  
BUT  
THE  
MAN  
OF  
ENVY  
WAITS  
BEHIND  
FOR  
THE  
FIRST  
PIERCING  
CRY  
OF  
FEAR!



WEB OF EVIL

THE HORROR STRICKEN CRIES RISE  
IN TEMPO ...

IT'S COMING FOR ME! HELP. HELP...

EE-I-O-I-O-I

SUFFER, CARTON!  
SUFFER THE  
TORMENTS  
OF HADES!

MELVILLE! MELVILLE! LET ME  
OUT! UNLOCK THE DOOR!  
IT'S GHASTLY .. PLEASE ..  
PLEASE!

WHY, MISTER  
CARLTON, HAVE YOU  
NO NERVE? YOU'RE  
THE BRAVEST MAN  
ALIVE .. REMEMBER?

THE FEARFUL HAILS OF A  
TORMENTED SOUL RISE AND  
FALL ACROSS THE ENGLISH  
COUNTRYSIDE .. AND WITH  
THE DAWN --

ALL RIGHT, CARTON! YOU  
CAN COME OUT NOW...  
NOW THAT I'VE TAUGHT  
YOU THE MEANING  
OF FEAR!

OH HH

THEN... G-GREAT SCOTT! H-HIS  
HAIR... IT'S SNOW  
WHITE!

T-THIS COULD MEAN PRISON TO ME IF  
ANYONE LEARNS WHAT I'VE DONE!  
BETTER LOCATE THAT FOOL CARE-  
TAKER AND MAKE SURE HE  
DOESN'T TALK! CARTON  
DROPPED DEATH  
FROM FRIGHT!

AND AS THE VENGEFUL SERVANT ENTERS "THE HOUSE  
WHERE HORROR LIVES" ...

HO, HO! HA, HE! ALAS I HAVE  
ME YET ANOTHER VICTIM!

H-HUH...! GOOD GRIEF!  
THAT THING DOES LOOK  
REAL! NO WONDER CARTON  
WAS FRIGHTENED OUT OF  
HIS WITS!

HOW DO YOU WISH TO  
DIE, INTRUDER?  
MAKE YOUR MIND  
UP IN HASTE..  
YOU HAVE BUT  
LITTLE TIME  
LEFT!

WHAT KIND OF NONSENSE  
IS THIS! THE SHOW'S  
OVER, CARETAKER --  
YOU'VE EARNED YOUR  
MONEY! I'M COMING  
DOWN IN THE CELLAR  
TO PAY YOU OFF!



BUT AS DRAKE ENTERS THE DAMP, DOMINOUS CELLAR BELOW ...

T-THE CONTROL BOX FOR THE GHOST GADGETS... IT'S BEEN SMASHED! BUT.. HOW ON EARTH ...?

MY FRIENDS AND I DESTROYED YOUR BOX OF EVIL, STRANGER! WE HARDLY ALLOW A MOCKERY OF OUR ...ER... PROFESSION!

T-THEN YOU ARE REAL! CARLTON WAS ACTUALLY DRIVEN MAD BY A... TRUE GHOST! WHAT... DO YOU INTEND TO DO TO ME?

KILL YOU, STRANGER! HAAHAA-

N-NO.. YOU WON'T GET ME LIKE YOU DID CARLTON! I'M -- GETTING OUT OF HERE!

NO ONE LEAVES THE HOUSE ON HILLBRANT HILL... IN HIS RIGHT MIND! MY FRIENDS WILL STOP YOU! YOU'LL SEE-- HE, HE!



His body wreathing with fright, Drake runs like a man possessed to his only promise of safety...



EEE-I-I-- THEY'RE AFTER ME! I'M... LOSING MY SENSES.. GOT TO ESCAPE!

THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM US, STRANGER!



T-THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT... BUT WHERE! I MUST FIND IT FAST -- HUM?

QUICKLY, FRIGHTENED ONE! ENTER.. I WILL PROTECT YOU!



WEB OF EVIL

HURRY.. BEFORE THEY CATCH YOU AS THEY DID TO ME! HA, HA!.. BUT I'M STILL ALIVE, AREN'T I! YOU CAN BE TO IF YOU HEED MY WORDS!

U-UGH!  
NOOOO!



BOLTING LIKE A TERRIFIED ANIMAL, DRAKE RUNS DOWN THE HIDEOUS HALLWAY...



IT LOOKS LIKE CARLTON'S MAN-SERVANT, DRAKE! POOR CHAP MUST HAVE GONE IN TO HELP HIS MASTER.. AND MET THE SAME VIOLENT DEATH HE DID! LOOK AT THAT HORROR IN HIS EYES!

IT'S HORRIBLE! SURELY NO ONE CAN DOUBT THE TALE OF THIS HORROR HOUSE NOW.. IT'S JUST DRIVEN TWO MEN TO A FRIGHTENING DEATH! PERHAPS, ONE DAY, THEY'LL TEAR THIS PLACE OF EVIL DOWN! LET'S HOPE SO!



THUS ENDS THE WEIRD TALE OF JOHN CARLTON, 'THE BRAVEST MAN ALIVE' AND HIS MAN SERVANT, DRAKE! AND WE SOMETIMES WONDER IF DRAKE WOULD HAVE GONE THROUGH WITH HIS FANATICAL PLAN COULD HE HAVE SEEN A SMALL ANNOUNCEMENT IN THE FOLLOWING DAY'S PAPER...

AN INSTANT LATER, AS CURIOUS REPORTERS GATHER BEFORE THE HOUSE OF HORROR ...



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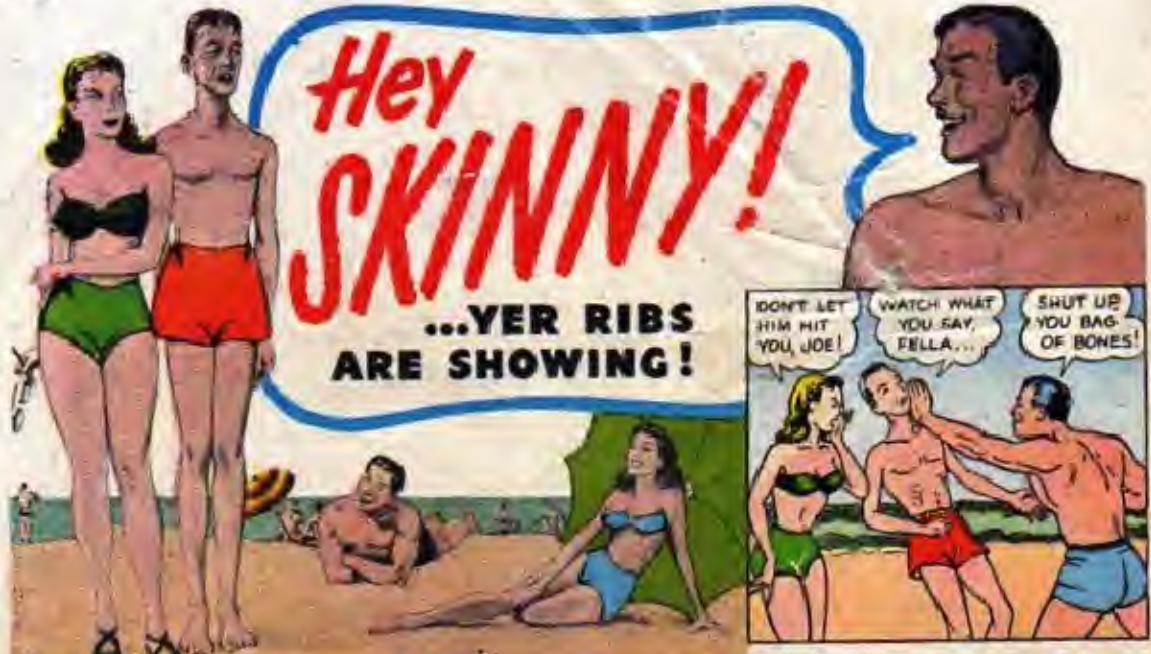
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